KNAVE

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VOLUME 20 NUMBER 3

GIRLS GALORE!

PLUS KNAVE MEETS THE MAN WHO MADE THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

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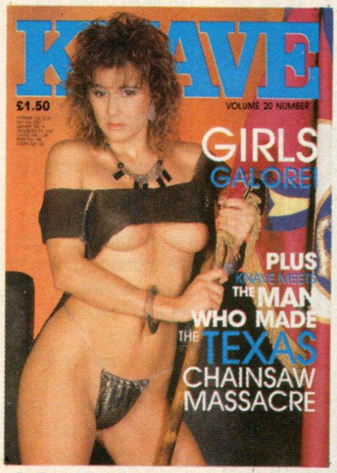
KNAVE

VOLUME 20 NUMBER 3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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUSTIN LEGREW

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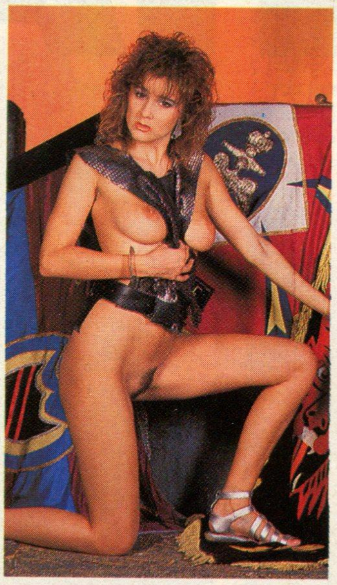

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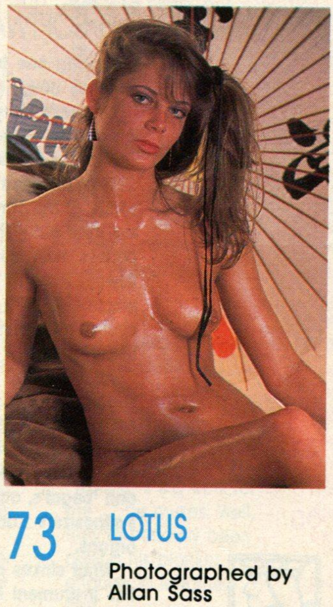

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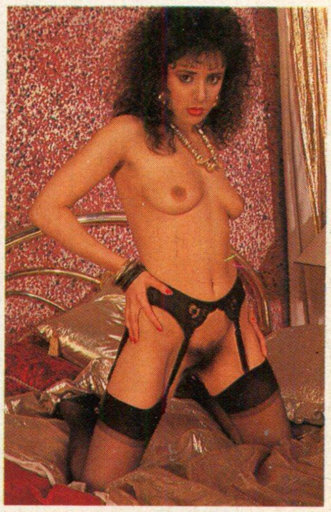

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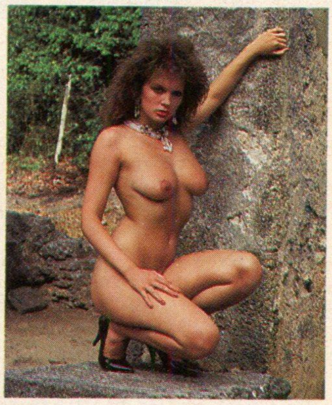

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Girl CHAT

This is the bit where we take ourselves even less seriously than in the rest of the magazine. As well as looking at a sample of every girl in the issue (and using the 'caught off guard' shots where available) our man propping up the bar at the Grievous Bodily Arms, W.F. Guttersnipe, delves into the drivelling depths of the so-called 'girlie blurbs' and tells the sordid truth about the thirty-strong team of addle-brained hierophants who stand in for an infinite number of monkeys and write them. From the Senior Arch-blurb Director to the Boy On a Youth Training Scheme Who Fills In When the Assistant Vice-deputy Blurb Researcher Is Having An Acne Attack, from El Gutto the obese Editor to El Blotto his tosspot assistant – all are libelled in equal and fearless measure. Then we have the section where W.F.G. takes an irreverent look at the sillier stories sent to us from local newspapers around the country and the national press. Don't forget – you can earn yourself £20 by sending us a funny newspaper cutting which we can use in this column. (Send your crazy cuttings to W.F. Guttersnipe, Knave, PO Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.) Read on . . . !

LONG LIVE BARFO

"Handle me gently," is the plaintive phrase which meets me on my rendezvous – not, as you may imagine and I might wish, with some virginal beauty presenting herself for me to exercise whatever *droit du seigneur* still exists in the Balham Triangle, but the latest Assistant Editor to assume the time-honoured title of El Barfo.

However, this quaking innocent of the girlie caption is fast finding his niche, not least under the tables of the Greivous Bodily Arms, so let us join him in his first blurb, describing the girl wrapping her laughing gear round an object composed almost exclusively of water – no, I don't mean a pint of lager the managing director saves to serve up to his less favoured columnists.

Kyna, we are told she is called. Probably she is really a Sharon or Tracy, but the new blurbist has been issued with the standard *Knave* dictionary of utterly obscure names, and he wishes to prove willing. Oh well, at least he has steered clear of the obvious crack about it keeping the flies off the melon.

"Why," he asks, "is she wasting time hanging around on this grotty Mediterranean island when she could be back here in Essex having a spot of bonky-boos with me?" It is the question of a prat. He should fit in nicely ...

PRAISE THE LORD AND PASS THE SOFTWARE

Not being one to take a close interest in religious news, at first I glossed over last December's story about the new organ at Worcester Cathedral. Then, slowly, the implications sank in.

This medieval centre of worship, and venue of the Three Choirs festival, has kitted itself out with an instrument which dispenses with such silly concepts as air flowing through pipes, and is instead fully electronic, with a computerised control centre mimicking the sound of a traditional organ.

All well and good. I'm sure that any supreme being that there might or might not be would be a sight less of a stick-in-the-mud than the people who think he only understands language full of 'Thee's and 'begat's, and would be as happy with synthesizers and ukeleles as church organs.

What strikes me as odd, though, is that this instrument has been programmed so that it can happily play itself as required, so that the show can go on even without an organist.

Why stop there? I ask myself. Why not use a sampler to take up the sound of the choir, or mimic it with one of these Fairlight keyboards? Then they needn't turn up either. You could also programe a computer to read out sermons and intone prayers, and then neither clergy nor congregation would be needed to get a service off the ground.

In fact, the whole process of worship could be carried out electronically, freeing the people to have a Sunday lie-in, or take a trip to the local DIY centre. I mean, if electronically generated devotional music is as valid to God as someone actually bothering to play it, then having machines chirp out the hallelujahs and amens should keep him happy too.

The next move, I think, should be to programme computers to watch Terry Wogan shows on television, so the audience can do what it really wants to and bugger off down to the pub.

SYMPATHY FOR THE STUPID

It may not show very often, but I do have a certain sympathy for girlie-blurb writers — the few of them that have more braincells than fingers at any rate. Everyone has to start somewhere — i.e. at the bottom — and it is a little known fact that even I once spent a seeming eternity crafting deathless prose on the subject of underdressed Irenas, Michelles and Lieselottes.

Admittedly, after a few months the inspiration does tend to run thin, but I have never seen it happen so quickly as it has with the new El Barfo. "Second attempt coming up," says the poor chap, obviously worn out with describing Kyna to us, "and I'm bored with this already".

All he can then tell his readers about Zuleika (name from the same daft dictionary) is that all her bits are in the right place. He might at least have discovered for us why she's giving her own index finger a blow job.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK!

Fondling the strange, metallic bed-end is Adonia — a name which, according to the Blurb Department's Walking Encyclopaedia of Foreign Monickers (Second Class) is taken from the Greek goddess of resurrection. And I had thought it was something to do with a festival of mourning — you learn something useless every day.

Still, be it to do with mourning or morning, it certainly looks as if the studio crew has got Adonia up, and I can imagine she has done the same for most of them. According to the blurbist for this set, it was shot entirely on location at the New York Hilton — in which case, I wonder why the model's expenses list no more than a day return from Liverpool Street to Witham?

Do you think someone has been sick on that wallpaper?

CHINESE WHISPER

The lady striking the very silliest pose of this issue goes by the name of Lotus, so I guess this must be the so-called Lotus position. Funny, but it doesn't look anything like the illustrations in the yoga manual. More, in fact, like the posture adopted by El Gutto the Editor after his ninth pint of Scrundles Peculiar Old Throbber down at the GBH

Persons unknown have persuaded the Blurb Department's Junior Saggar Maker and Bottom Knocker that Lotus is of Chinese origin, but suffers from a physical abnormality which makes her eyes less narrow than is standard in those parts. Good grief — if this is a defective model, does that mean I can buy her at a discount after they've finished with her?

The cretinous blurbist also believes that the studio has stretched the girl on the rack in accordance with a taste for taller models. "Wonder if it'd work for me ..." he muses. Well, they've certainly been pulling his plonker enough to lengthen that.

A POUND OF SAUSAGES AND A KNIGHTHOOD PLEASE

It is claimed in a book published in Italy at the end of last year that the first king of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, wasn't really Victor Emmanuel at all. He was in fact the illegitimate son of a butcher — for all I know actually called Luigi Canneloni or Umberto Sporco — who was secretly brought in as a substitute when the real crown prince pegged out in childhood.

It all strikes me as remarkably plausible, and I wonder if the practice has been used by other royal houses over the years? Are some of the people about whom endless, fawning books of glossy rubbish are published annually actually descended from hairdressers, pet show owners or sanitation engineers?

The mind boggles, but I suspect the laws of treason should discourage me from further speculation.

Girl CHAT

SOAP CONFUSION

Sitting on the wooden stoop is Ellie. No doubt it is supposed to look like the front of the sort of shack where Kentucky moonshine is distilled or what have you, but in fact it is the shed in El Gutto's back garden

No expense is spared to get an authentic-looking Knave shoot. Why, after consultations with the accountant (and after protests from Ellie) they even splashed out on fumigating the sacks they had found the tramp sleeping on. They offered this vagrant a job on Fiesta, by the way. I think he now edits the letters.

"She could certainly have mine, Sue-Ellen," El Gutto is reported to have said when he saw Ellie. It's all above me, I'm afraid. Probably something to do with *Crossroads*.

HUNTING FOR HEAD

I don't know what it is that Jayne is wearing (if 'wearing' is the right word for what she's doing with it), but if that article is meant to keep out mosquitos, then I reckon she'd better start taking the quinine tablets right away — she'll be bitten to buggery by nightfall.

It would normally be a fair assumption that the set was shot somewhere exotic like Colchester, but with globe-trotting Austin Legrew behind the viewfinder I expect the pictures really *were* taken in boring old Africa.

When not fending off men who beat their chests and give their names as Greystoke, Jayne "practises screaming for help for when she's kidnapped by head-hunters". Hmm. She looks sensible enough to know better — any smart girl knows that if you want to be released by head-hunters you give in, and give them head ...

LURKING TAFFS

When it comes to saluting the flag, the gestures of the armed forces may seem to show a deal more respect and decorum, but for my money, Naomi's offering is considerably more aesthetically pleasing than anything you're likely to see on a parade ground.

She's reckoned to be from the valleys of South Wales, and is not apparently a great fan of Aled Jones. How odd. There can't be more than about 40 million people in Britain who don't like Aled Jones records.

Who is all this Welsh silliness directed at, I wonder? Perhaps the new Assistant Editor is a Taffy — nothing would surprise me.

When not keeping up standards, Naomi spends her time looking after — sheep! Bah! Or should that be 'baaaah'? At least that gives her something in common with El Gutto — but I'll bet Naomi has never been up before the magistrates for it.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID COURCEL

KYNA

This being my first blurb, I should say something corny about Kyna. Her name is Gaelic and means "great wisdom" which, loosely translated (and you can't get much looser than a Knave blurbist), infers that she knows her onions, has all her wheels on the road, ad infinitum. Why then, one wonders, is she wasting time hanging around on this grotty Mediterranean island when she could be back here in Essex having a spot of bonky-boos with me?

Kyna breeds albino ferrets when she's not swanning around trying to get in on Martini ads. It's rumoured (honest – the nice man from the Fiesta office told me!) that she's also heiress to several European fortunes and that her elder brother, Vince, isn't really a psychopath after all. Nasty ol' Gutto, trying to frighten me off like that ...

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDY MORGAN

TEST DRIVE

Yet again, a painful reminder for the European car manufacturers that our Oriental brethren have not been idle. ROBERT DUDLEY takes an in-depth gander at the Subaru XT Turbo Coupe, which is among those exports heralding the greatest threat to the world's motor trade since the invention of traffic wardens. Sneaky, these Japanese, better keep an eye on 'em ...

When the office secretary interrupts a particularly langourous mid-afternoon train of thought to tell you that there's someone called Gateau ("... or was it Gutto ...") waiting on line 4, your heart sinks. When the ensuing tete-a-tete turns out to consist of persistent references to "Subaru-XT-Turbo-Coupe-four-wheel-drives" and kindly intimations like "get one for the magazine or we shoot your kids", that same heart plummets so low it could legitimately apply for membership of the Drastically Relocated Organs Party (DROP) and adopt the nickname 'Bottom'.

Such 'gut reactions' are not difficult to account for. Forget El Grotto and target the car. The old XT was, by anyone's standards, a pretty dull pile of time. Let's face it, here was a machine which drove even the most non-committal, advertising-conscious motor-mags to brave new lows of disparaging rhetoric. A model which sold in such small numbers that people tended to forget it even existed. OK, so the XT may not have been the complete 'turkey' many people seemed to take it for — but is it really a 'fowl slur' to suggest that arch gobbler-knobbler, Bernard Matthews, might well have considered buying a stake to further his feathered empire ...

XT
4WDTURBO
D884 FNX

XT
4WDTURBO

All joking aside, the single most notable thing about the car was the way in which it failed to live up to the very real potential of its predecessors. Previous Subarus, vehicles like the old RX estate, were not exactly ultra-tech Vorsprungmobiles, but they did a pretty good job bringing the undoubted benefits of all-wheel-drive to a wider audience. They were straightfroward, road-going creations but didn't mind being thrashed around the countryside loaded up with accummulated garbage and dogs. Such machines were unpretentious, discreet and workmanlike; the OTT XT was none of these things.

Perhaps Subaru were being too ambitious. Perhaps the fault lay with the marketing. Either way the machine missed its target audience by a mile. Sold as a sort of cut-price Audi Quattro, but acquitting itself more like a spiritual successor to the All-Aggro or Wartburg, the part-time-4WD creation completely failed to establish its manufacturer at the top end of an increasingly lucrative market. Four-wheel-drive publications slated its poor handling and crude drive system; in two-wheel-drive, its reputation was so low it could have been hurdled by a slug. Enthusiasts likened its general behaviour to that of a dustcart re-designed by a psychotic with a spirograph. Even hardline

continued from previous page

Subarites, no-nonsense characters who swore on their grandmothers' longevity by their machines' farmermobile robustness and family estate car convenience, found it difficult to entertain a rather pricey so-called flagship which bought the same standards of performance and roadholding to what was supposed to be an out-and-out sports car.

What must have really sealed the fate of the XT in the UK was that for a shade less than the list price of the 'Sube', rival manufacturer H Ford was turning a similar trick and turning it a whole lot more convincingly ... Subaru's eccentric ideas on automotive design can hardly have helped the balance sheet.

The UK's reception for the XT was, in truth, probably no more than an extremely minor irritation for the manufacturer and its bullish importer, West Midlands-based International Motors, but in context any setback was noteworthy. Until then Subaru's progress had been — if not rocket up the trouser-leg stuff — at least steady and unchecked. Let's not overdo the 'All Our Yesterdays" bit, but it is interesting to observe that the Japanese company was quite late getting onto the car assembly scene. Indeed its earliest efforts date only from the late '50s, though, if you're really keen, non-automotive roots of a fashion can be traced back as far as the First World War.

What we know as "Subaru" started life as an aero research factory in Ota City. After years of monkeying around with plane-technics and aerodynamic design, the company began to major on full-scale aircraft production, supplying long range fighters to the Japanese Airforce — the very planes which stuffed it to Uncle Sam and his gum-chewing crew during the '41-'45 conflict.

Revenge was sweet; although the Nakajima company managed to restructure itself in 1945 as Fuji Sangyo, producing everything from scooters to bus engines, within five years the won't-get-fooled-allies ordered that the combine be cut up into twelve smaller bits. There was, however, no stopping the industrious Orientals.

Five of the smaller firms pooled their resources to form Fuji Heavy Industries in 1953, and less than six years later FHI had introduced its first car, the rear-engined 360. From then on, it was real foot-on-the-boards stuff. Drawn into the Nissan camp late into the '60s, the company was soon branching out into production motors 'proper' and the resultant Leone line-up, premiered in 1971 (and sold here latterly under the RX and 1600/1800 flag) now embraces everything from turbocars to four-wheel-drives, selectable and otherwise.

Not that we're about to be bowled over by tradition and a diverse product range. Funny thing, though. Considering that the delivery of our test XT was awaited with about the same degree of enthusiasm one might usually reserve for one of those day trips to Windscale, we have to admit — even grudgingly, perhaps — that we actually quite enjoyed driving the thing. There's a simple explanation. Believe it or not, the car really has improved. What was previously a rather sorry excuse for a sports coupe has metamorphosed into a halfway decent 2+2, again not really outstanding in any one department but, thankfully, free of the shortcomings which made XT Mark 1 such a handful. This time around the thing is a lot more fun ... and such a reassessment — we have to say — has nothing to do with our fun-and-XT-loving Editor's primed, .357 Magnum trained on Bob Junior and his kid sister.

So what's changed? Let's start with those distinctive lines. From a distance you'd be hard pressed to tell that our friends in Tokyo had done much more than slap on a different set of stickers and fit some fancy hub caps, but forget the pre-conceptions and take a closer look. The revisions are slight but important. The sleek, two-door machine can still boast what is a fine drag figure for its class — an elver-like 0.31Cd — but Sube stylists have done a bit of work on the front end and the result couldn't fail to improve on their previous attempt. The indicator lenses, for example, are now set into the front spoiler (to either side of the registration plate) rather than in the bumper, a seemingly minor stroke which has the effect of tidying the front and making it appear more modern, not quite so TR7ish. What's more, the turn signals now look like less of a bolt-on afterthought. Two-tone paint, featured on our test vehicle, reinforces the established 'staggered-wedge' profile of the XT, while new, cleaner cast wheel trims and colour-coded bumpers complete the fresh approach. Sensationally styled? Probably not, but the angular XT does at least come across as commendably different to the hordes of Porsche-parodying Nipponese supercoupes which are threatening to overrun British roads (now that rivals Mazda have discarded the distinctive 'piscine' sweep of the RX7 in favour of Porker-style curves, the XT just has to take the prize as "the sporting 2+2 which looks most like a fish."

Nothing fishy about the mass of 'workings' set far forward in the engine bay, however — just the usual diet of 1.8 litre Subaru metal-sculpture. It's all familiar stuff, indeed apart from the introduction of some last-minute Japanese high-tech, the turboed 1781cc ohc flat-four comes across as pretty well unchanged from the old car. Deriving its volume from 92mm bore and 67mm stroke, the all-alloy unit is still notably lightweight and the horizontally opposing configuration of its cylinders allows for the low bonnet which is one of the XT's more auspicious trademarks. power and torque are likewise unchanged — 134bhp at 5,600rpm and 144lb ft at 2,800rpm respectively — but the manufacturer claims that the addition of a microprocessor to control both ignition and the multi-point fuel injection has the effect of both boosting performance and reducing trips to the petrol pump. Acceleration from 0-62mph, at 9.0secs, improves by nearly half a second on the old car, while fuel economy is said to be around 3% better at a constant 56mph, showing an even greater improvement as the speedo winds on. Top speed is a listed 120mph+ but more of that when we get behind the controls.

Power is put through to the driven wheels via a manual five-speed gearbox — a pretty slick one at that — or a four-speed automatic if you can afford the extra. The latter replaces the existing three-speed effort. Dubbed 4EAT, the all-new auto option feautres electronic 'optimisation' of each shift plus lock-up of the torque converter in all four ratios. Unlike traditional stickless set-ups which use throttle openings and road speed in 'deciding' whether to move up or down, gearchanges on the automatic XT are based on the information fed in from electronic sensors — ten of the things.

There are other novelties: choose too low a ratio at too high an engine speed and the sassy unit transmits a message akin to "forget it, buddy", sitting on the command until the gear can be selected without the engine revving itself to bits. Power and economy modes are available, depending on the pilot's particular fancy, and the whole thing will even adjust automatically, depending on how enthusiastically the throttle is tickled.

Subaru's electronic wizardry extends to the undercarriage, which like more and more cars in this class gives the driver the option of a 'high' (comfort) or 'low' (sports) setting, depending on conditions. Adjustment is down to the driver, though the unit will effectively 'pull rank' by reverting to the 'low' position if left in 'high' speeds above 50mph. Otherwise, in pure nuts and bolts terms, there is little change from the previous XT. Like many manufacturers, Subaru go the MacPherson route, with lower transverse links and an anti-roll bar fore and aft, though instead of the habitual coil springs in support, the Japanese four-drivers plump for what they call "rolling diaphragm air springs", air operated devices linked to a central compressor and electronic control circuit. The whole shebang is designed to keep the car level no matter what old rubbish you've got piled in the back. Both versions of the XT feature power assisted steering and braking by ventilated front/solid rear discs. Additionally, our five-speed XT is equipped with what Subaru calls "The Hill Holder," a peculiar but effective device which traps hydraulic fluid in the system until the clutch pedal is released, making for handbrake-free take-offs on sharp inclines. On the wheel and tyre front, the old car's 13in pressed steel rims have given way to 14in alloys, while low profile rubber fanciers may care to squat down and savour the following hieroglyphics: 195/60 VR-15 scratched large on the black BF Goodrich sidewalls.

The biggest change we'll save 'til last. With good reason. Subaru's turbo tearaway now comes dosed up with a becalming 5ml of full-time four-wheel-drive. Unlike the old car, which was basically a two-drive effort set up to accomodate all-paw progress when the driver fancied a bit of four-play, the new XT 'goes on all-fours' 24-hours-a-day, featuring as it does an extension to the rear of the gearbox which spreads power to the back of the beast via a two-piece prop shaft with limited slip differential. As with similar machines, this can be locked up via a console-mounted switch linked to a vacuum servo arrangement when grip is lost, then switched out at will. The all-important central diff, unaccountably awol in the earlier version, is housed here within the standard 'box'.

The set-up may not be perfect, but the new, permanent 4×4 shows a poise and stability altogether more in keeping with Subaru's aspirations to be four-paw pioneers. Just as well: in two-drive the old Sube was about as surefooted as a fat schoolboy on a cow-pat. All-wheel-drive for Take-1 was never more than a 'standby', the company actually going so far as to recommend that the car be driven through the front and only switched into 4WD when the going got super-slippery (fine sentiments, somewhat compromised by the machine's tendency to slip into four-power when least expected ... for example when you switched the windscreen wipers on!).

XT 4WD TURBO
SUBARU
D884 FNX

Lacking the accoutrements of a 'genuine' all-wheel-driver, the previous car was best described as 'clumsy', particularly for anyone reared on a diet of Audis and similarly sophisticated qua-

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TEST DRIVE

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drupeds. The car was never really unsettling, but you could bet your life that if you loaded the machine up even moderately hard into a bend, understeer would build steadily until the front wheel lifted on the inside, the machine rapidly loosing its grip on terra firma reality. With four-wheel-drive 'switched in' through tight curves, the thing was practically undriveable. This time around it's a whole new ball-game. Undeniably 'cartish' when pushed beyond its scope, the new XT is nonetheless steadier, poised, altogether flatter. Ride, like the old car, is 'sporty' but not overly harsh, indeed in this department the car is probably in advance of some of its Eastern rivals.

And then there's the engine. Subaru's four is a deceptive old unit and turbo lag is not effectivly disguised, but that doesn't stop the flexible pump station producing where it matters. Push hard and some top-end asthma does set in, but delivery is generally smooth and with the 'blower' doing its stuff, Subaru's performance claims are totally realistic. Notwithstanding the inherent roughness and some mechanical rumpus, the figures make sense.

Pity the same can't be said of some of the detail inside the car. As with many Japanese machines of this type, the Subaru comes kitted out with more nooks and crannies than a dope-smuggler's suitcase — and as usual most of them are about as much use as a pogo stick in a leper colony. Coin trays and oddments bins are all well and good if said articles can be persuaded to remain in situ, but in our experience it only takes one hefty bump in the road or some over-enthusiastic throttle-kicking to send about £8-worth of such artefacts ricocheting under the driver's seat or sliding off into eternity down the side of the handbrake gaiter. Pilotting such machines can be an expensive business.

Fortunately, this isn't the whole story. Aside from the quirks, the Subaru's interior is really rather tasteful. Previous purchasers may care to cast their minds back to the totally disgusting interior of the older XTs — all tacky plastic and cheapskate chequerboard seat cloth. This time around, the company have got their act together: straightforward, one-colour upholstery, dashboards fashioned in smart, matt finish grey. There's a new, lighter headlining, too. That's fine by us — the dark-coloured offering in the old car always looked as if it might have been more at home wrapped 'round Bela Lugosi's head.

No complaints with the rest of the fittings. Switchgear is positive; even the handbrake feels like it was put there to do a job of work. Best of all, there's the gearstick, an unbashed kill-button joystick straight out of "Top Gun". Terrific.

Of course, this being a machine from the Land of the Rising Trade Surplus, there is no shortage of drivers' aids and 'fiddles' to play with as you're rocketting around the cosmos — or even leafy Witham. Electric this, electronic that, push button window lifters, a steering column which can be adjusted every which way, you got it. Mirrors are battery powered and remote-controlled — an electric step up from the old car. There's a totally serious stereo, too. The XT owner still has to suffer that ridiculous-looking multi-sectioned steering wheel but the instruments are both comprehensive and well lit and the whole effect comes across as a superior example of Japanese interior design.

A pretty complete machine. About the only thing the XT doesn't come with is a choice of power sources. Even that is in the pipeline. The alternative unit, a normally-aspirated 2.87 litre flat six, is well nigh identical to the existing four but with a couple of extra cylinders grafted on — not a million miles away from the engine seen under the bonnet of the futuristic ACX-11 at the Tokyo Show back in '85? The car works off a similar four-drive unit to our test Sube, but probably won't be seen here much before the end of '88. Sources reckon that the new machine is a fourscore improvement on the turbocharged XT, but performance is still said to be leisurely rather than liver-bursting and the whole thing won't win any awards from the noise abatement society. We'll just have to wait and see.

All that, of course, is in the future. What about our humble flat-four powered car? Reckon on a price of £14,449 (metallic paint adds £149, the automatic sells for £15,498) and you have to admit that as a straightforward performance/price/goodies/rarity package, the quirky XT has to be worth a go. Sure, there are more exciting hot-paw four-foots available for the same sort of money — the brilliant Lancia Delta Turbo 4WD is an obvious vote-puller — and Ford's Sierra 4×4 must still take the honours as the best all-round package around (particularly for the guy with three kids and a heap of luggage to haul in tow) but buy Subaru and you can be pretty damned certain that no Yuppie, Dinky, Stiffy *(Eh? — Ed.) (Soon To Inherit Father's Fortune, Ya — RD)* or any other acronymously-monickered neighbour is going to show up in a similar suit of tin. Therein lies its appeal. The UK trade in XTs may be small beer, but existing XT owners will drink to that. Hic.

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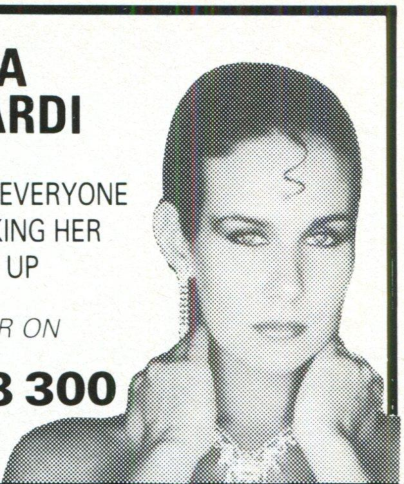

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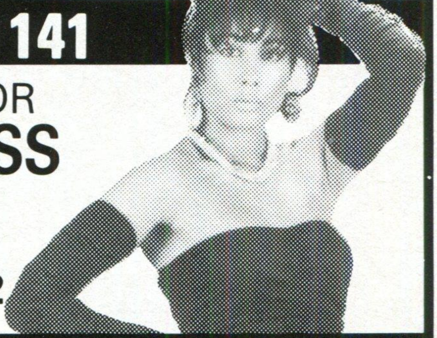

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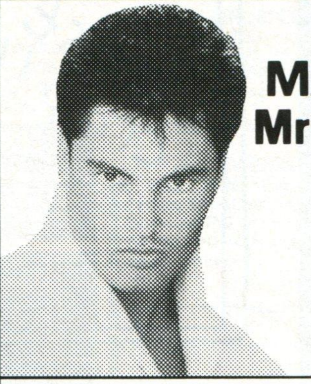

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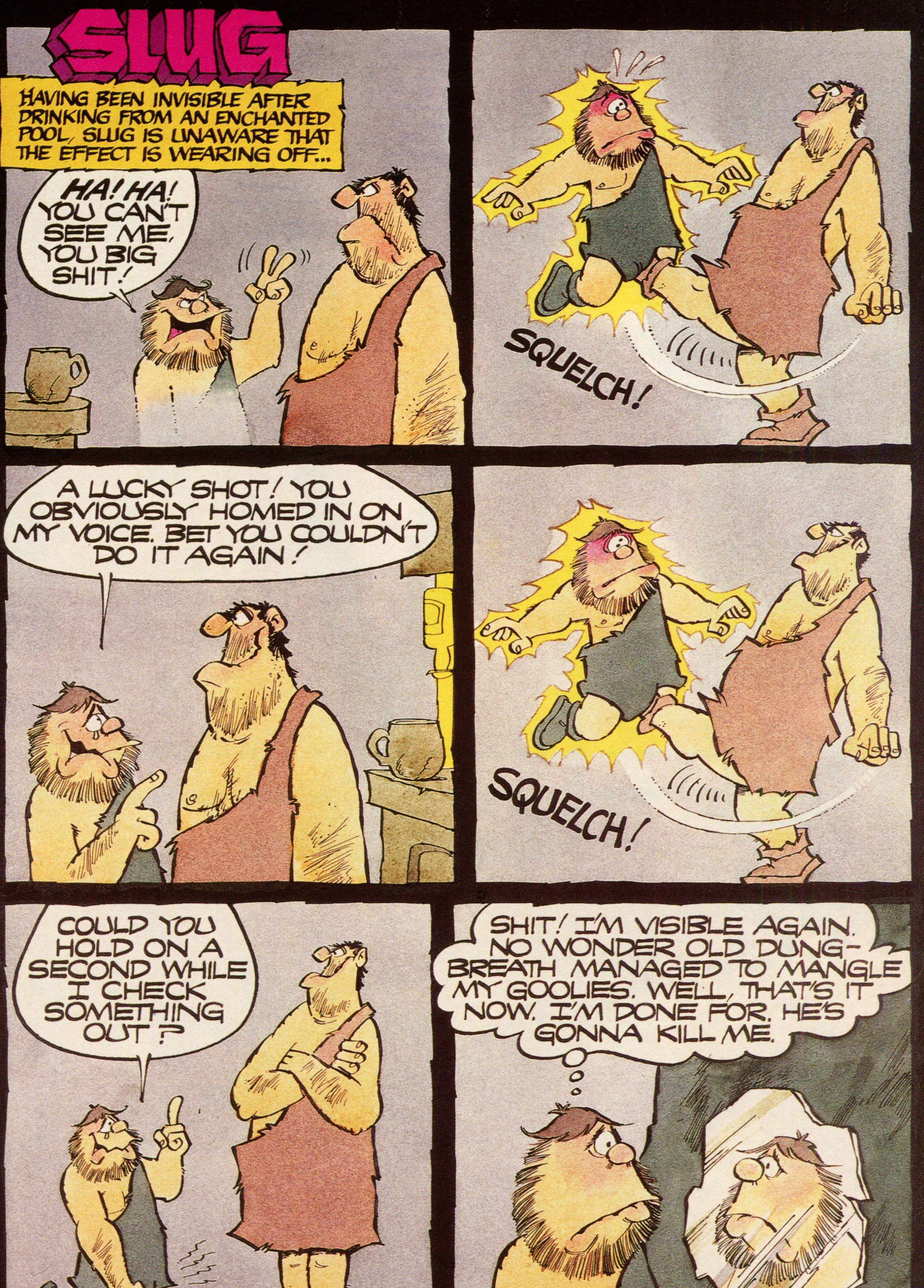
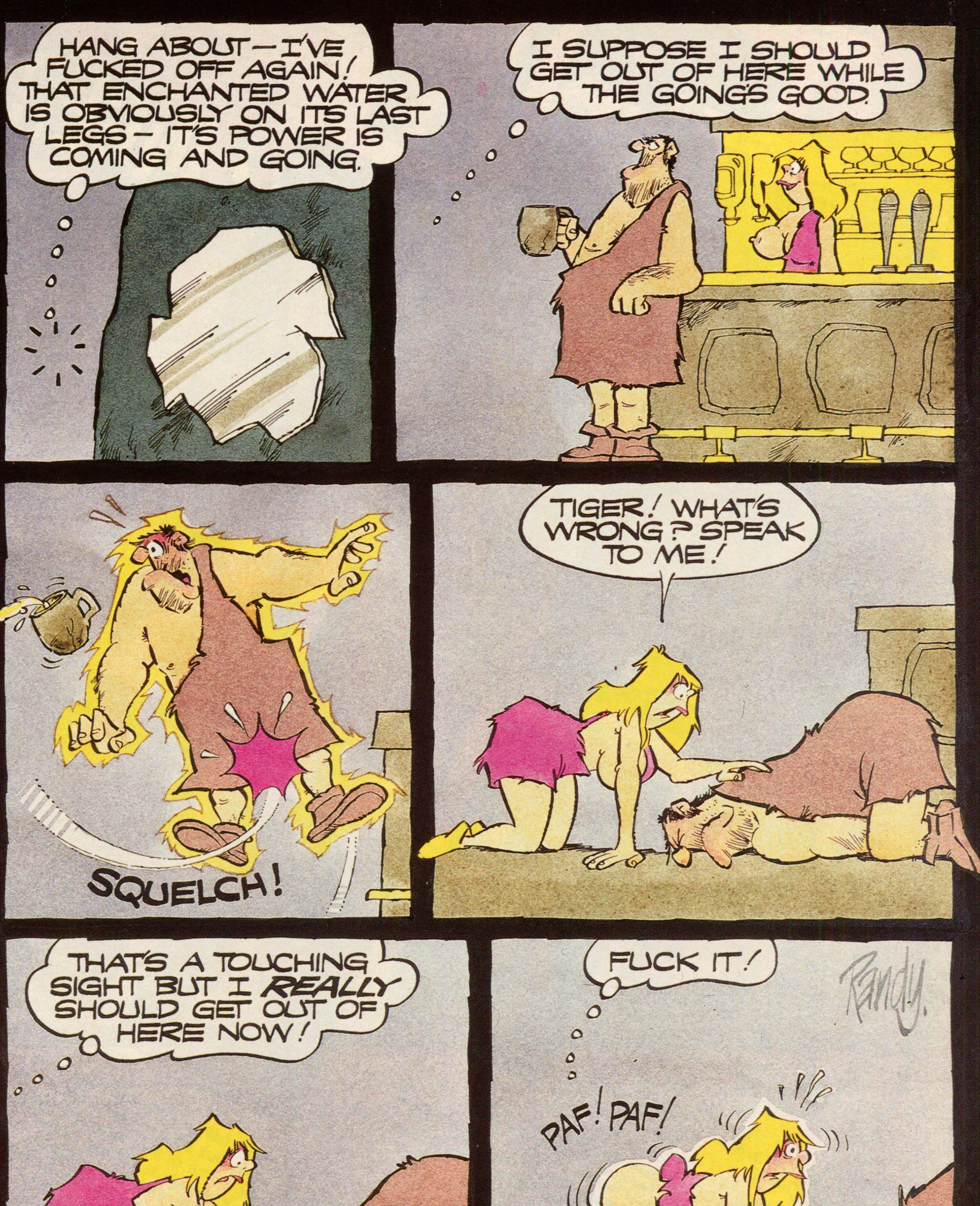
ZULEIKA

Second attempt coming up and I'm bored with this already. Zuleika? She's a girl with everything where it should be. Nice bum, natural blonde locks (check out the naughty bits!) and eyes you could sail ships in. Apart from that – nice weather for the time of year, innit? (Yawn!)

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GLEN MORALES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GLEN MORALES

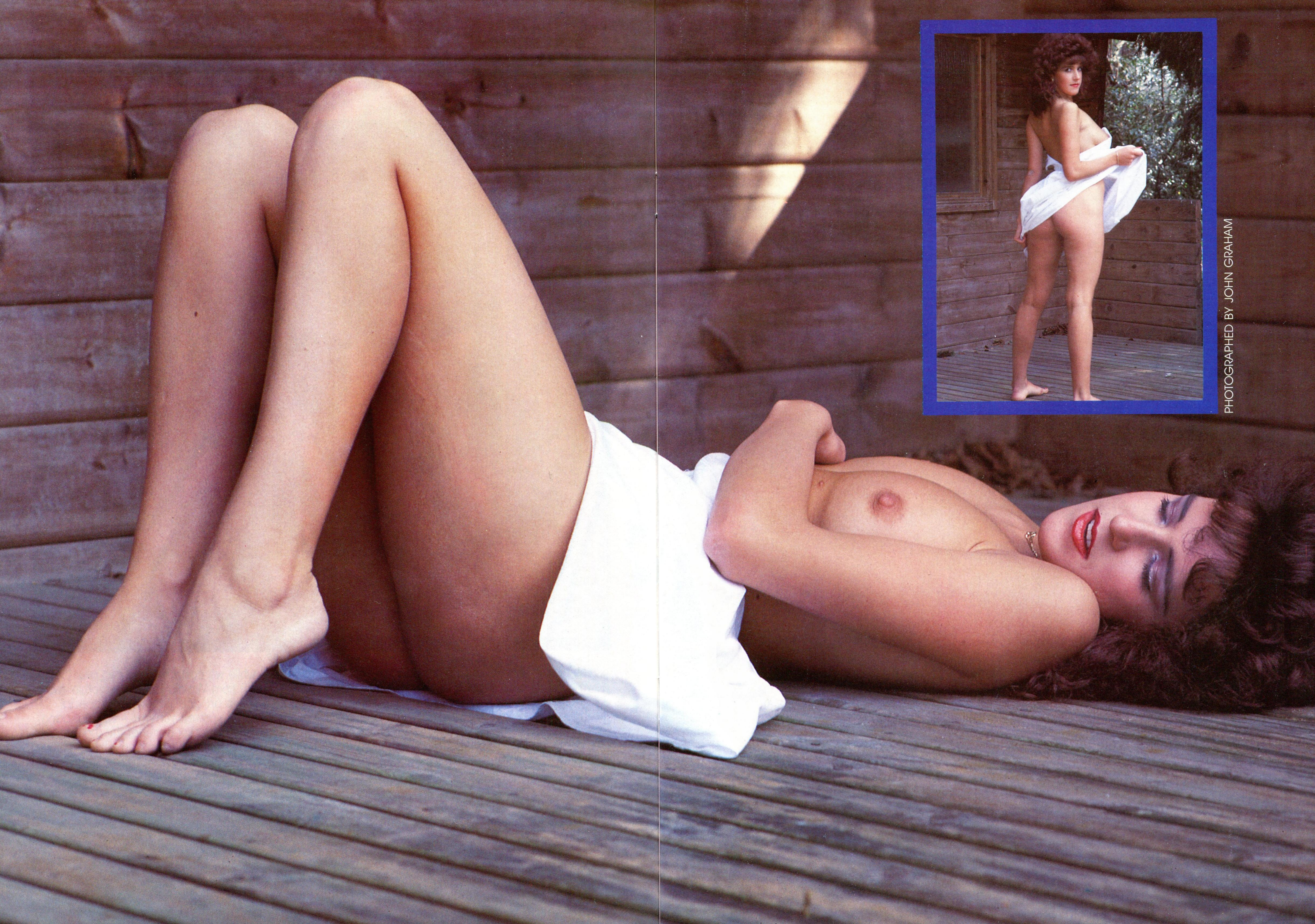

SLUG
HAVING BEEN INVISIBLE AFTER DRINKING FROM AN ENCHANTED POOL, SLUG IS UNAWARE THAT THE EFFECT IS WEARING OFF...
HA! HA! YOU CAN'T SEE ME, YOU BIG SHIT!
SQUELCH!
A LUCKY SHOT! YOU OBVIOUSLY HOMED IN ON MY VOICE. BET YOU COULDN'T DO IT AGAIN!
SQUELCH!
COULD YOU HOLD ON A SECOND WHILE I CHECK SOMETHING OUT?
SHIT! I'M VISIBLE AGAIN. NO WONDER OLD DUNG-BREATH MANAGED TO MANGLE MY GOOLIES. WELL, THAT'S IT NOW. I'M DONE FOR. HE'S GONNA KILL ME.


HANG ABOUT — I'VE FUCKED OFF AGAIN! THAT ENCHANTED WATER IS OBVIOUSLY ON ITS LAST LEGS — IT'S POWER IS COMING AND GOING.
I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THE GOING'S GOOD.
SQUELCH!
TIGER! WHAT'S WRONG? SPEAK TO ME!
THAT'S A TOUCHING SIGHT BUT I *REALLY* SHOULD GET OUT OF HERE NOW!
FUCK IT!
Randy.
PAF! PAF!

NEXT MONTH:— BACK TO ABNORMAL.

E · L · L · I · E

Eee-ha! Git yerselves over here, boys, an' rest yer butts a spell while we cast an eye or two over the down-home charms of good ol' Mizz Ellie (no, not *that* one – ours is from Virginia!). Ellie likes nothin' more than to welcome strangers to these parts with a mess of hog-jowls an' grits. If they's extra special strangers, she might even whip up some possum-innards too *(Yummy, yummy, yummy! – Ed.)*. But dang me if she don't feel the cold. Why, her ol' paw must be a-turnin' in his cracker-barrel at the thought of his young 'un wanderin' about the mountains in her petticoats. Then there's the Mexican fella, El Gutto. Only the other day, I saw him look at Ellie an' say: "She could certainly have mine, Sue-Ellen!" (I think he meant his jacket but I don't know who this Sue-Ellen is ...)



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN GRAHAM

NAOMI

Right, you lot, I want no cheap cracks about Naomi's flagging support – Knave's not that kind of magazine. This session was skillfully designed by someone with years of experience in the business and his artistry shouldn't be undermined by lavatorial humour! Oh, God – it's so hard when your outside is being patronising and your inside is rolling about the office floor.

N

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Naomi means 'the pleasant one' and I hear no disagreement from either the carefully-selected Knave staff or those thugs downstairs in the Fiesta bargain basement. She's twenty-one and has the key to many a broken heart throughout the valleys of South Wales where she lives, caring for her aged mother and their flock of Tasmanian sheep. That chain-mail she appears to be wearing is to protect her from the bombardment of Aled Jones records which regularly whiz through the Welsh thermals as they are disposed of from the hillside cottages. Actually, I made that last bit up but the week goes much faster with a libel suit on your desk!

D'ELBE

NAOMI KNAVE

LOTUS

Ah, Glasshopper! Welcome to the delights of the mysterious Orient in the shape of Lotus. Fast, sleek and very stable (now what does *that* kind of remind you of?). Lotus is from the tiny village of Wan-King in the province of Mi-Cok — I was taken on 'cos of my brilliance with Chinese geography you know — and suffers from a very sad congenital defect which causes a roundness of the eyes, hence her somewhat Western appearance. I think I could grit my teeth and forget about her physical abnormalities if I really tried ...

When she arrived at the studio in her turbo-charged rickshaw (GTi), she was surprised, nay, shocked to discover this evil contraption on which she is lying, waiting for her. "Step this way, my little blossom." cackled our photographer, "Our readers prefer taller girls and this won't hurt in the slightest!" He then proceeded to strap her to this hi-tech rack and pull a few more extra inches out of her. Wonder if it'd work for me ...

A lot of girls do it – how about you? If you want to become one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form at the end of this feature and send us some rude photos of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude – front and back view.

ADONIA MIKALOS

Adonia, in Greek mythology, was the goddess of resurrection and eternal youth and, by the look of things, her namesake is carrying on the family tradition. For this set, we were forced to fly our photographer, thirty members of the Knave editorial department and our entire art team out to the New York Hilton (purely in the interests of maintaining standards, you understand ...) where we found Adonia still in her bed.

Our ever-imaginative photographic-type suddenly had the idea to do some candid shots of Adonia rising from her pit. A yawn here, a stretch there and, before you can say "Get that bloody Box Brownie out of my gob!", we had this delicious selection of voyeuristic visuals.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVE ANTONY

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY!

Knave is always on the look out for likely lasses for our Amateur Model of the Month feature! As long as they have not previously appeared in Knave, Fiesta or any other men's magazine, girls are eligible for our Amateur Model feature. All we want is three or four nude prints or polaroids, and the completed application form. We choose the girls we like, and invite them to our studio in Essex for a full day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer behind the camera and our make-up and hair stylist in attendance to make the girls look their best. We pay our Amateur Models £200 for their day's work at our studio, and we pay £25 to the photographers for sending us their polaroids or prints. A career in glamour modelling could start right here — as a Knave Amateur Model!

This November, the second Knave Amateur Model Special Issue will be published — another great Knave Special full of your favourite Amateur Models! We will soon be selecting the cover girl for this issue from amongst our Amateur Model feature applicants. The lucky cover girl will receive a £200 bonus on top of her £200 modelling fee — and the photographer who sends in the snapshots of our cover girl for the Amateur Model Special will receive a £50 bonus, as well as his £25 fee! We will also be publishing in the Special a large selection of the polaroids and colour prints sent in by our readers for our Amateur Model feature — so girls not invited to our studio for a modelling session will still have a great chance of appearing in Knave — and we will pay £15 for each polaroid or print published!

WANTED GIRLS!

MODEL'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE OF BIRTH ....

SIGNATURE ....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

DAYTIME TEL. NO. ....

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN ....

SIGNATURE ....

TO: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, PO BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

Jayne

Something rumbled down in the jungle and out of the undergrowth staggered Jayne, furious because some great lummox was trying to make a monkey out of her. "One minute I'm flying over darkest Africa, then *pow!*, I find myself being carried off by this dirty great brute in an eeny-weeny loin-cloth. Mad? I could have chased a chimpanzee!"

PHOTOGRAPHED BY AUSTIN LEGREW

Jayne appears to have cooled off for this bit. Hardly surprising when she's running around in her knickers! The stone edifice is a temple (oh, yes it is!) and Jayne hangs around there to practice screaming for help for when she's kidnapped by head-hunters. She hasn't quite got the scream loud enough yet though; Jayne isn't sure if she wouldn't enjoy giving the hunters what they want!